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clergy might, through pride or immorality of life, deprive itself of infallibility, supposing them to have once possessed it; I see no reason, in the nature of things, why the Romish or any other branch of Christ's Church, might not, through unfaithfulness, forfeit any—no matter how great—gifts with which we may believe it to have been originally endowed.

But there is another answer, no doubt, ready—namely, that though the divinely-authorized expositors of the *Old Testament* were fallible, yet those of the *New Testament* cannot be so. But this gives up the question—a new position is here assumed; not that the authorized interpreters of *any* revelation must of necessity be infallible; but that, whereas God left the expositors of his message to man fallible, until Christ's coming, he can no longer do so with propriety. But to attempt to prove this by abstract reasoning, and without plain authority of Scripture, were absurd. We may well require God's own Word to convince us, that, what he once did, it would be derogatory to his attributes that he should do again.

Let Romanists, then, give us texts; and any which they may produce we will bind ourselves dispassionately to examine. But, if they have any fear of the guilt of blasphemy, let them beware how they represent as absurd that very arrangement which God did, confessedly, make for his Church before the time of Christ. He gave a revelation, and a clergy to explain it; he directed the laity to receive in general their clergy's instructions; and still he left the clergy exposed to error; and the people, if they would blindly follow them, he made liable to be led astray by their influence.

Such a mode of ordering things may, indeed, be condemned; but the condemnation rather befits the open infidel than any one who assumes to himself the Christian name.

Your obedient servant,
A KILDARE CHURCHMAN.

FLOWERS FOR JULY.

The summer sun of July, of which we had but too little as yet, usually makes the most confirmed citizen pine for the open space and invigorating air of the country. Sometimes it drives him to seek the rippling stream and the sheltering wood, or tempts him to bend his footsteps towards the heather. What more delightful on a summer's day than to tread the wild HEATHER, with its gorgeous purple bell flowers around our feet? The heather belongs to the now aristocratic family of the Heaths or Ericas. Twenty-five years ago there were but four species of heath known in these kingdoms; no doubt pretty flowers, of dark purple, red, or rose colour, and most susceptible of improvement by cultivation. Since then, upwards of 300 varieties have been introduced, chiefly from the Cape of Good Hope, and form some of the most graceful and attractive ornaments of the greenhouse. Of our own native heaths, the common heather (*Erica vulgaris*) is the most familiar. The cross-leaved heath (*Erica tetralix*) is found growing on our boggy lands, and the fine-leaved heath (*Erica cinerea*) in the woods and thickets. Another variety has been found on the mountains of Connemara and Eris, which exactly corresponds with the Mediterranean heath. In Scotland, the heather is interwoven with many of the Highlander's dearest associations; it is often his couch and his covering. Everywhere the heath is esteemed the emblem of solitude; well may it be of that solitude to which many parts of our beloved country have been reduced by recent famine and pestilence. Emigration has added to this solitude; but it at least brings its consolation, that our exiled brethren are gone to a land of active industry and mental freedom, and are emancipated from the spiritual tyranny which sits, like a nightmare, on the faculties and free-will of too many of our countrymen at home. Alongside the heather, we are sure to meet the HAREBELL (*Campanula rotundifolia*), with its drooping flowers of azure and white. The extreme grace of this fair and fragile little flower, growing on moor and mountain, the delicacy of its tints, the lightness and elegance of its quivering form on its fairy-like stem, revelling in the freedom of its existence, have excited the imaginations of the poets, some even to persuade themselves that they hear its soft bells chiming,

"Perchance to soothe the fairy queen,
With faint, sweet tones in night serene,
When glowing lamps illumine the scene
And silvery daisies dot the green."

Others tell you that the harebells are in the habit of giving expression to conceits such as this—

"No rock is too high, no vale is too low,
For our fragile and tremulous forms to grow.
Sometimes we crown
The castle's dimpest towers, and look
Laughingly down
Upon the pugnacious men in the world below,
Wearily wandering to and fro."

The corolla of the harebell is so similar to the common wild hyacinth that it is often confounded with it. In Scotland, it is the far-famed "blue-bell," the subject of many a song and glowing passage in Scottish minstrelsy. But the harebell is not more free and unrestrained in its movements than the Celtic Highlander himself, 300 years since, freed from the thralldom of a system which all experience has proved to be detrimental alike to the liberties and the moral energies of a people, as it is to their temporal and spiritual prosperity—for it is the social upas tree, under

which nothing flourishes but the rank weeds of ignorance and poverty. Some time ago, we blushed to read in the page of history that Ireland, with treble the arable acres of Scotland, has, from some unhappy cause, not only not been able to contribute its own expenses to the nation, (while Scotland has yielded, for half a century, above five millions a year of clear surplus); but, that in the great famine of 1846, while Roman Catholic Ireland received eight millions sterling of alms, from the imperial treasury, Protestant Scotland—great part of which had suffered just as much—received nothing. The different condition of the Celt in Scotland from that of the Celt in Ireland is a wonderful fact, and if any doubt remained that it arises from the freedom from spiritual and ecclesiastical oppression which the former enjoys, it should be placed beyond controversy, by the prosperity of the Irish emigrant in America, when his hard taskmaster, the priest, is left behind.

But let us descend from the mountains and their congenial atmosphere of freedom to the river-side. Here we meet, in full flower, the charming White WATER-LILY. Among florists it bears the appropriate name of *Nymphaea alba*, or white nymph or naiad. It is a native of the British Isles and of most parts of Europe. In Ireland it is particularly abundant, and the tourist to Killarney, or Glendalough or Lough Dean, in Wicklow, or to the less frequented lakes of Connemara or Cavan, will be sure to meet specimens of this fair inhabitant of the waters. It is a sight truly refreshing to the eye on a sultry summer day, to see a pale white water-lily resting on the placid surface of a lake, or floating on the sluggish stream of a river. Its large, broad, oval leaves spread out like a fan, and so smooth and shining that the water runs over their oily surface, are the very picture of cool comfort; while the fair flower itself, of splendid white, faintly tinged with rose colour, seems to be the stately river-queen, presiding with native dignity over all around. The yellow water-lily (*Nymphaea lutea*), with its golden flowers, is of kindred with the white water-lily, and is also to be found growing in the lakes and rivers all over the country. The roots of the white water-lily form an excellent dye, and have been used for dying wool and yarn black, both in the Hebrides of Scotland and in Connemara.

But to proceed to the flower-garden, we have the PINK, just now in full perfection and bloom, and few flowers are more generally cultivated, or more esteemed than the pink, for its elegance of form, and rich, spicy fragrance. The various plants and flowers of the pink tribe go under the general name of *Dianthus*, or Jove's flower, given to them by Linnaeus to express his admiration of this charming family. The popular appreciation of the pink is emphatically expressed every time we describe a thing supremely excellent, as the pink of perfection. So the particularly pleasing shade of light crimson colour, derives its distinctive name of pink from the prevailing hue of the favorite flower.

There are several species of the pink found wild in England, but in Ireland we believe but two. The pheasant eye-pink (*Dianthus plumarius*) is found in the County of Cork. The wild clove-pink—the parent of the carnation (*Dianthus caryophyllus*)—is also common in our land, and is known by its five plain petals, scalloped at the outer edge. Its chief attraction is its fragrance, like the clove, whence it derives its name. Its highly-prized offspring, the carnation, takes its name from the flesh-colour (*caro*) of some of its varieties. By cultivation its petals have become doubled, and assume all colours, but generally dark red, pure white, or striped, marbled, or pied-bald; yet it continually betrays its origin by a tendency to return to its ancient simplicity and singleness, unless carefully watched and cultured.

The Indian Pink (*Dianthus Chinensis*) is another well-known variety, derived from abroad. It is particularly rich and variegated in the combination of its colours. The Sweetwilliam (*Dianthus barbatus*) is another variety of clustered pink, called by the French, poet's pink, or nosegay of pinks. It grows wild in Germany and on the hills of Normandy.

It is a curious fact, that the pink appears to have been unknown to the ancients, as we may reasonably infer, not merely from the Greek and Latin poets being silent in its praise, and the naturalist, Pliny, never mentioning it, but from neither the Greek nor the Latin language having, in truth, any term to designate it. It surely could not have been known and unnoticed. The German poet, Goethe, in his "Captive Song," represents the prisoner pining for his favourite flower, the "forget-me-not," yet doing full justice to the pink.

"The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower;
He sets it 'neath the light,
Now shields it from its power."

And we may fairly conclude, that the flower which Linnaeus designated as worthy of being dedicated to the chief god of the heathen mythology would not have been passed unnoticed by Pliny had he been acquainted with it. In the sentimental language of flowers the pink is esteemed to be the emblem of love—its dedication is too often as senseless and unreal as if it were to Jove the imaginary god of the heathen. Selfish and imperfect, indeed, for the most part, is the love of man to his fellow; though the Scriptures teem with exhortations, such as—to abound in love—to be knit together in love—to walk in

love as Christ loved us—to speak the truth in love—forbearing one another in love—serving one another in love, and continuing in brotherly love; and the spring and principle of all that is expected of us is given by St. John—"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God—for God is love."—1 Ep. John iv., 7 and 8. If our people were taught more of this from their altars, would we not be better friends and neighbours, and better Christians, too? Would we not tell each other the truth in love, and not retort in anger, and bitterness, and rioting, and blood-shedding? and if a man told us what he thought to be the truth, although we might think it all error, yet would we not forbear in love? If the loving Apostle St. John, who understood the nature and principle of brotherly love, perhaps, more intimately than any mere man that ever lived, were among us, he would say, "Let us love one another, for love is of God, and God is love;" and he would tell you again, what he has already done, both in his Epistle and Gospel, in what remarkable manner God manifested his love to us—not, indeed, as many of our readers would naturally suppose, from what they hear and read in their rosaries, by sending the Blessed Virgin Mary, or St. Joseph, or St. Peter, or St. Alphonsus, into the world; no, none of these mercies—and, no doubt, great mercies in their way, as to the New Testament saints, at least, none of them are even hinted at; but the one grand, absorbing manifestation of God's love, which obscured all others was—"In this was manifested the love (charity, in the Douay Bible) of God towards us, because God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 Ep. St. John, iv. 8; "For God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him may not perish, but may have life everlasting."—St. John iii. 16, Douay Bible. This is the simple declaration of the Douay Bible itself; and our Roman Catholic readers should inquire why it is not kept more prominently under their view? Why the bright and cheering light of these comforting truths should be obscured under a cloud of modern inventions and fables which disparage the love of God—the gift of his only begotten Son—and virtually deny that "whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life;" for if this truth were really received, we should never hear more of Purgatory or penance, or intercession of saints or angels.

FARM OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

(From the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*.)

The late rains, succeeding such a protracted drought, have stimulated the growth of weeds in no ordinary degree, and, in the majority of cases, the green crops also, which, with the general routine business of the farm-viz., haymaking and hoeing the green crops—will render the present month one of harassing and anxious care and attentive watchfulness to the farmer, to whom a well-considered and properly-organized system will be a safeguard, and carry him through with satisfaction to himself and those around him; but the want of it will bring vexation, disappointment, and loss.

Hay.—This being the most general month for cutting and saving meadow hay, much care and exertion are necessary in the various operations to secure a good and nutritious article for winter and spring provender; to do which, observe the precise period at which the greater portion of the most valuable grasses are in their prime and full of their most nutritious juices, so as to combine with the greatest possible weight the most nourishing qualities. If cut too early, it shrinks too much in drying, and the quality is not so valuable; on the other hand, if allowed to stand till the seeds become ripe the bulk may be increased; but the saccharine juices have become dissipated, and lost in maturing the seeds, and the culm is converted into woody fibre, containing very little or no nourishment. The proper period will be found by avoiding both extremes, and cut the grass, if the weather permits, when the greatest number of choicest grasses are in bloom.

Parsnips, Carrots, and Mangels.—If not already singled out, should now have that operation performed without loss of time. The general treatment is similar to that already described for Swedes, except that the tap-rooted plants, in most cases, require singling by hand.

Transplanting Swedes and Mangels.—Break the crops of Swedes or mangels may be filled up by transplanting. The portions of drills to be planted should be freshly turned over by the spade or fork, the roots fully lifted, the outside leaves trimmed off, and the tuber dipped in a rich puddle; they are then planted, care not to double up the roots, and have the soil pressed about them. Warm, moist weather should be chosen, and if the weather comes on dry and warm, the ground should be watered till they take root.

Potatoes in drills should have their final earthing up, and all weeds eradicated.

Rape and Cabbages should be planted out after early potos or vetches, as fast as the land is cleared.

Odds and Ends.—Make good all requisite repairs about the homestead, barns, stables, hay and corn stables, &c. Cleanse the yards, sheds, ponds, water-courses, and ditches; paint all the outside woodwork, and farm implements not in use.